

## WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by "VERNA VILLIERS."

### CHESTNUTS.

Chestnuts falling on the ground, prickly chestnuts, long departed, chestnuts, as they tumble down, bursting, and all ripe and brown, peeping from their cozy places, in their green and dainty ones.

And the chestnuts seem to whisper unto me, a musing list'ner, of the sweet times, long departed, when all young and happy-hearted, round the dear old family-room fender, we the chestnuts roasted tender.

Sometimes still, when daylight grays, all alone beside the blaze, to recall the times loved most, I have chestnuts placed to roast, but, while watching them, I dream of those sunning ones and seem almost to behold them near—Almost each dear voice to hear: Till I start, and all is gone, Voices, chestnuts, dreams, and fire!

VERNA VILLIERS.

### Home Pleasures for the Children.

Do not begrudge the family innocent amusements. Life brings abundant sorrows and regrets; let the home be as much like paradise as possible—a blessed oasis in memory. For small children, toys, simple ones or home-made, or those they are helped to make for themselves, are best. Let boys have some kind of work-shop, and girls a work-basket and round-end scissors, and plenty of material for invention or experiments. Let them have musical instruments. If there is a musical taste, pencils drawing paper and paints, if they like art. Let them go fishing or picnicking when convenient; croquet, ball, and out-of-door games, add much to the keeping of children peacefully at home. Puzzles, checkers, chess, dominoes; the games of authors, jack straws, etc., all help to give children pleasant amusements on rainy days; children will do their part in developing self-sacrifice, courtesy, ingenuity and quickness of thought.

Now, that the long winter evenings are drawing nigh, let the children have an occasional "caddy pulling," a time of nut-cracking, corn-popping, and apple-roasting. Life will move more smoothly by the help of such occasions of mirth and pleasure.

### For Our Girl Readers.

A short time ago, a letter, from a young lady friend, came to me, from which I quote as follows: "I have received an offer of marriage from Mr. H—, and have about decided to accept it. It would be useless to say I love him, but he is a thoroughly good man, and one whom I sincerely respect; and I believe he really loves me. The truth is, I'm tired of teaching school; tired of being at the mercy of parents and committeemen, and I want a home. Besides, you know, I was never very strong, and my work is wearing me out. Don't think me more mercenary than I am, for he has but little besides his salary."

Looking over this letter, so selfish, so full of "I," yet withal so pathetic, I am moved to making the answer public, in the hope of reaching other women in like straits; for, though unwilling to disturb the peace of mind of actual or prospective husbands, it is undeniably true that the writer, of the above, states the position of many women, and the reasons for which they marry. Dr. Cuyler, in a late Independent, arraigns with intense earnestness the women who marry for pomp and social position. But there remains a large class who do not long for luxury, who are content with plain surroundings, who are not afraid of single life, but who are urged into marriage by a distaste for their daily work, or the lack of strength to do it. They are mostly young women whose shoulders are not yet fitted to their burdens, and who shrink from the long years of self-support which stretch out before them; and their weariness and discouragement are resolved into the cry, "We are tired of taking care of ourselves, and we want somebody to take care of us."

Now, my poor, tired, discouraged sister, before you say "yes" to him, let us look the matter over a little; and for the present, we put aside the sentiment of the question, and consider it in a plain, matter-of-fact way, counting the tangible profit and loss. To begin, you are tired of the monotony of your daily work. Well, that is easily understood; for all of us, even the most favored, feel sometimes that life is a grind, and we long to step out of our particular treadmill and demolish it. Should we step more gaily in a new treadmill? In that home you sigh for, there will be work for you, and household never seemed to me to be a whirl of excitement. On the contrary, my housekeeping friends sometimes bewail, almost with tears, the invariable routine of household work, and that whether sick or well, sorry or glad—washing, ironing, mending, sweeping, dusting, and baking, succeed each other with appalling regularity. Clearly you will not gain in the matter of variety. What comes next? Tired of going out in all weathers. Why, that is just the saving of you mentally and bodily. Many a housekeeper longs for that which you count a hardship—a taste of the fresh, outdoor air, the brisk exercise, the stimulating sight of other faces; and there are to-day, women in graves and insane asylums for lack of those very things. You need no sympathy on that line.

What is next on the list? Tired of being at the mercy of employers. This is a more serious trouble, for employers, being mortal, sometimes make their service a grievous burden to the employed. But, if your position becomes unbearable, go elsewhere; try something else; there's work enough in the world, and if some employers are hard, there are others whose patience and forbearance are beyond praise. But, what can you do, if, after accepting a situation for life, you find

your employer ill-tempered and exacting? You cannot, as in the case of a trying scholar, promote him; or, as an over-zealous committee-man, pray that a change in politics may take off his official head; you cannot "give notice." He's a fixture; and angry thoughts and words will only make the matter worse. Fanny Fern said a great many wise things in her whimsical way, and, among others, this: "Wives, you need a good stock of love to start with; it will be drawn upon." If the wives, who love, find it necessary to draw upon their reserve capital, what will you do who only "respect" the man you marry? He may be "thoroughly good," but good men can be irritable and penurious and fault-finding. Will respect shut your eyes and mouth to these defects?

Finally, you want a home. True, homes are heavenly places, but some wise woman has said: "Marrying for a home is the hardest way of earning a living;" and the result of my observation is that the home-gained in that way are not commonly the heavenly ones. "Home" means something beside food and shelter and clothing. Then there is another side to the question. A man has some rights, and one of them is to be married for himself, when he gives himself; and, as we have been looking at the subject in a business way, I ask you, would it be fair, honest dealing to take the affection and support of a man and give him in exchange a reluctant heart? The balance of happiness is evermore with the one who loves; and Bridget over her wash-tub, bruised by beatings from Patrick, whom she still fondly loves, is yet happier than the woman surrounded by comforts from a hand which she shrinks to touch, and oppressed by the weight of an unwelcome devotion. Is this overdrawn, or fanciful? I think not. Many a woman, marrying to escape some congenial drudgery, looks back upon it as Eve may have looked back on paradise.

You will see I say nothing of the chances that the man you marry may prove unworthy; nothing of those women, who, marrying to be supported, find their husbands married with the same idea (in which case similarity of aim does not always produce harmony). Unmarried women escape many sorrows and anxieties, and much real happiness can be stored up in a single life.

I believe in wedded love and happiness; and, if you still insist upon that home with a man whom you merely respect, you may meet the man of all the world whose championship would mean "home" to you, in which event you will rejoice that you are still free. If this comfort seems too vague or too distant, and the load presses too heavily, drop it, and take a long vacation; and when you are rested, things will look different to you. But, however hard your lot, do not make it hopeless by marrying for the reasons you give.

### Household Hints.

A mother who had a very active little son, with legs and feet that would get uncovered the coldest nights, put him into "flannel sleeping-bags," by sewing up the bottom of his flannel night-gowns. The plan proved so successful in preventing colds at night, that she tried creeping-bags for the day-time, and before he commenced walking, even sewed up the bottom of his elder-down coat that he wore when the maid took him out in his carriage. Persons of delicate digestion, and especially those who find difficulty in digesting starchy foods, will do well to make their sauces and gravies in a double boiler and to cook them from fifteen to twenty minutes. If the flour in such dishes is first cooked by blending it and heating it with butter, it will not require so long a time to cook after the milk or water is added, but if the flour or cornstarch used for thickening is to be digestible, it must be cooked at least ten minutes. The objection is sometimes made that made-over stockings hurt the tender feet of children, but, if they are made as they should be, there is no danger of this. The edges should be darned together smoothly and not be sewed in a seam. To see just how to do this observe how the stockings are joined at the back.

### Tried Recipes.

**ORANGE CREAM.**—Have fresh oranges, and pare off a few bits of thin rind, and soak and scald with the gelatine. Squeeze and strain the juice of four or more oranges, according to size and quality. Sweeten and mix with the yolks of four eggs. Add the dissolved gelatine, strain, and when almost cold stir in a pint of whipped cream with a few light strokes.

**SCALLOP OYSTERS.**—Toast slices of bread, and butter well on both sides, with which line baking dish. Pour in oysters after seasoning with butter, pepper, and salt; sprinkle bread crumbs on top, and bake fifteen minutes. Flavor with two tablespoons of cherry or grape wine.

**MRS. H. P. FIGURES.** We leave out our fashion notes this week, but will have them on hand next.

Thanks to "Mountain Pink" for her kind welcome.

### Tangled Hair.

Few people realize to what an extent a sensitive child can suffer from hair tangles. It is not only the actual pulling and combing that takes place morning and night, but the dread of it will do much towards making a girl nervous all her life. When a mother discovers this excessive fear in her child of "tangle

time," we strongly recommend her to sacrifice her pride in her little one's appearance and have the rebellious locks shorn.

### AN INCH OF LAND.

A Little Story, With a Sequel, of Sharp Dealing With a Neighbor.

There is at least one man in New York who is convinced that it does not pay to be too smart. He is the owner of one of two brick houses standing side by side in a street west of Central park. Not many months ago there were two vacant lots where the houses now stand. The owner of one of the lots decided to build. When the walls of the new house were about completed, the owner of the adjoining lot decided to follow his example. He employed a surveyor to stake out the house. The surveyor discovered that the walls of the house in course of erection on the other lot extended just one inch over the property line. He informed his employer of the fact, who immediately communicated with the owner of the property, demanding an exorbitant sum for the property accidentally appropriated.

The owner of lot No. 1 did not prove a complacent victim to the extortion. He at once gave orders to have the offending wall torn down and rebuilt. The other man, rather disappointed at being a victim of his own avarice, proceeded with the erection of the second house, building his wall close against that of the first house erected. When the second house was all completed, the owner moved in. A few days afterward he was summoned to receive a notice similar to the one he had sent out himself, demanding the same amount as he had named, the reason being stated, "The walls of the house you have just completed and are now occupying extend one inch over the property line on my property." He employed a surveyor again and found that the statement was only too true. What had happened was this: The owner of the first offending wall, when he had had it torn down, had, with deliberation and malice aforethought, caused the wall to be rebuilt one inch on his own side of the line, realizing that the second house would probably be built close against the first. There was a choice of two things for the owner of lot No. 2 to do—either to move out of the house in which he had just got settled with his family and have it rebuilt or to pay the amount demanded for the one inch of property. As he had set the price himself, he felt that there was little use in taking it to the courts. He accordingly paid the price demanded and received a deed for one inch of land.—New York Press.

### Getting Along.

Edwina—How is Mr. Blushman getting along? Has he proposed yet?  
Edith—No; but he's improving. The first night he held the album in his hands all the evening; the second night he had my pug dog in his arms; last night he held Willie on his lap for an hour. I have hopes.—Pearson's Weekly.

### MARVELOUS RESULTS.

From a letter written by Rev. J. G. Underman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding a gripe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption, and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Walbridge & Irvine's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.

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### BELIEVES IN SEA SERPENTS.

Monster Deep Sea Dwellers That Possess Extraordinary Powers.

"Do I believe in sea serpents?" repeated Eugene G. Blackford, formerly state fish commissioner. "I certainly do. Of course I don't believe in all the details of all sea serpents as seen at the summer hotels. I do believe there are huge marine monsters which appear like serpents, and cause these tales about sea serpents to be told."

"How is it that none of these has ever been captured?"

"Their enormous size and swiftness, their extraordinary powers, and the fact that they are shy and seldom appear."

"Why are their bodies not cast ashore?"

"They are probably deep sea dwellers. The bodies of the deep sea fish are not cast ashore except on rare and abnormal occasions. For instance, 15 years ago about 1,000,000 deep sea fish were found floating dead on the surface of the ocean. It was supposed that a submarine explosion had killed them. Deep sea fish cannot get to the surface under ordinary conditions, or, if they do, they cannot get down again."

"Wouldn't that keep the sea serpent up if he once came up?"

"Not necessarily. He may be constructed on a different plan. I think the sea serpent is a survival of the great reptiles of the pleiosaurus species. It is quite possible that, though a dweller of the deep, he may be able to come to the surface of the sea and go down again at his pleasure."—New York Times.

**Sick Headache.**  
Hon. W. H. Beveridge, one of Richmond, Va.'s, prominent lawyers, writes: "I regard your pills as a godsend to me. I could not make a business engagement without the promise, 'unless I have sick headache.' Now my health is excellent, and all from the use of Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills."  
Dr. G. F. Jahncke, of Hammon, N. J., writes: "I have practiced medicine for forty-seven years, and during all this time I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and constipation. I tried many devices, but never found anything to give permanent relief until you sent me Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills. Since I have taken them I feel as though I might live twenty or thirty years longer."

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## TWO BROKEN HEARTS.

Eustace (rolling a cigarette)—I met a friend today whom I have not seen for six years. He has been abroad—somewhere in Australia where the gold mines are. He has made no end of money, but he amazed me more than a little. He drank plain water with his lunch and declared it was a luxury he ought to be charged for—that one could always get wines, spirits and beer by paying for them, but that decent water was a thing which could only be had in decent countries. \* \* \*

Eustace—Has he endured so much, then? I thought Australia was more or less civilized.

Eustace—Oh, it is not that sort of thing which has aged him—that sort of thing never does. It kills sometimes. No, it is the man's mind which has made him old. There was a girl—the usual girl—and he hasn't been able to forget her.

Eustace—What did she do to drive him away? Do you know, I believe the novelists are to blame for half the trouble that comes to human beings, especially for the troubles which come to human beings who are in love. For example, I dare say your friend rushed away to Australia because some small thing had happened, and such a flight was the proper course to adopt—according to the novels. Perhaps she had refused to demonstrate to all the world that she was eager to accept his heart before he had given her any excuse for believing he seriously meant to offer it. Men are so very unselfish the half of them refrain from starting to get what they want and take it for granted their desire has been refused when they have merely not been implored to accept of it. And yet their favorite proverb tells of the value of perseverance and the wisdom of keeping on asking.

Eustace (climbs and with an attempt to capture her hand)—I know that, at any rate. You were very hard to win! \* \* \*

Eustace (impatiently)—He does not deserve to chance on happiness. Six years, you say, he has been away, and during all that time he has made no effort to discover what has become of her. Six years! The girl may have gone on waiting for him all that time, or she may have grown tired and given up hoping. It is hard to go on refusing to believe.

Eustace—But you forget it was she who sent him. Six years is a long time to remember anything, and he remembers this today.

Eustace—Very likely. He has come home wealthy, thanks to the girl, and now he may or may not go to her and do what he should have done before. I'll swear, from the way you tell the story, that he never asked her plainly if she would be his wife. He wanted her to do the asking, but he will be the hero if she has waited, and he finds her and gets the good fortune which he does not deserve.

Eustace—Very likely. Men are awful fools. But you may be very sure that he had given the proof of the thing, even if he had not put it into words.

Eustace—I do not doubt it, but there is no proof where the thing is not put into words. If the girl was pretty and attractive, he probably gave her no more "proof" than half a dozen men had given her before. She would have been a fool to take the things which happened in the first six cases as meaning anything. Why should she perceive a difference in the seventh?

Eustace—But I thought a girl knew?

Eustace—Novels again! And she always declares the proposal "unexpected."

Eustace—You know that when I asked you first—

Eustace—Let us forget all that. We have been married such a long time that we can afford to forget. But your friend angers me somehow. I am so sure that he has simply been foolish. Very likely it has all turned out to the advantage of the girl. But it might not have done so, and at any rate she has something to regret, even though she is married and happy in her marriage.

Eustace—I dare say your are right. He was always a bit of a fool, and the dearest fellow in the world. Surely I have mentioned him to you? You've heard me speak of Teddy Lanchester?

Eustace (starts, looks at him swiftly and cannot hold back the exclamation which comes to her lips)—Teddy Lanchester!

Eustace—Yes. Do you remember the name?

Eustace (after a pause)—I don't think you've ever told me of him. (Another pause.) Still I fancy I must have met him. I used to go out a great deal six years ago, and the name is one you would remember because it sounds so like a name out of a book. Teddy Lanchester!

Eustace—A big, stout, fair man, with a pleasant smile. It seems to me I remember him.

Eustace—The wrong man. Mine is short, thin, dark and combative. A very good sort, but he had a way of seeming to live in a state of eternal protest against things in general.

Eustace—I can't have met him, then, and I'm sure I should not be like to if I did. (She pushes back her chair.) If you will get me a wrap and promise me not to bring the man here to dine, I would like a cigarette in the garden. It is close in here. (Eustace disappears.) Ah, Teddy, Teddy! All this because your flowers would not go with my dress. \* \* \* For that is what it really came to.—Black and White.

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